

# HYMN

FOR THE  
EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY  
OF

## American Independence.

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### I.

LORD, the people of the land  
In Thy presence humbly stand ;  
On this day, when Thou didst free  
Men of old from tyranny,  
We, their children, bow to Thee.  
Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
We are helpless, we are dust !

### II.

All our homes are red with blood ;  
Long our grief we have withstood ;  
Every lintel, each door-post,  
Drips, at tidings from the host,  
With the blood of some one lost.  
Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
We are helpless, we are dust !

### III.

Comfort, Lord, the grieving one  
Who bewails a stricken son !  
Comfort, Lord, the weeping wife,  
In her long, long widowed life,  
Brooding o'er the fatal strife !  
Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
We are helpless, we are dust !



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IV.

On our Nation's day of birth,  
 Bless Thy own long-favored earth !  
 Urge the soldier with Thy will !  
 Aid their leaders with Thy skill !  
 Let them hear Thy trumpet thrill !  
     Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
     We are helpless, we are dust !

V.

Lord, we only fight for peace,  
 Fight that freedom may increase.  
 Give us back the peace of old,  
 When the land with plenty rolled,  
 And our banner awed the bold !  
     Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
     We are helpless, we are dust !

VI.

Lest we pray in thoughtless guilt,  
 Shape the future as Thou wilt !  
 Purge our realm from hoary crime  
 With Thy battles, dread, sublime,  
 In Thy well-appointed time !  
     Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
     We are helpless, we are dust !

VII.

With one heart the Nation's cries  
 From our choral lips arise :  
 Thou didst point a noble way  
 For our Fathers through the fray ;  
 Lead their children thus to-day !  
     Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
     We are helpless, we are dust !

VIII.

In His name, who bravely bore  
 Cross and crown begemmed with gore ;  
 By His last immortal groan,  
 Ere He mounted to His throne,  
 Make our sacred cause Thy own !  
     Help us, Lord, our only trust !  
     We are helpless, we are dust !

GEO. H. BOKER.

